Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phillhorse hase on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio *with a follower or two.*

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infectio
Lau. Indeede the short and t
a desire as my Father shall speci
Gob. His Maister and he (sa
scarce catercosins,
Lau. To be briefe, the very t
me wrong, dooth cause me as m
shall frutifie vnto you.
Gob. I haue heere a dish of D
your worship, and my suite is.
Lau. In very briefe, the suite
worship shall knowe by this ho
though old man, yet poore ma
Bass. One speake for both, w
Laun. Serue you sir.
Gob. That is the very defect
Bass. I know thee well, thou
Shylocke thy Maister spoke wit
And hath preferd thee, if it be
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, t
The follower of so poore a Ge
Clowne. The old prouerb is v
ster *Shylocke* and you sir, you
hath enough.
Bass. Thou speakst it well; g
Take leaue of thy old Maister
My lodging out, giue him a Ly
More garded then his fellowes
Clowne. Father in, I cannot
in my head, wel: if any man
dooth offer to sweare vpon a
goe too, heere's a simple lyne
alas, fifteene wiues is nothing,
is a simple comming in for on
thrice, and to be in perrill of m
heere are simple scapes: vwell,
wench for this gere: Father

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